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WATANI!



Esther Doss

A tall, well-built Black man in his mid-fifties walks around the University of Montana campus but goes virtually unnoticed in his daily activities. He is Naseby Rhinehart, the athletic trainer of this university for 36 years. I had a chance to spend a quiet, Sunday afternoon with him, his wife, and his seventeen-year old daughter. He took the time from one of his rare free afternoons to tell me something of his life here in Montana. Mr. Rhinehart has always been a mystery to me and after I did take the time to talk to him I felt a great deal of respect for him and for what he has done.

Mr. Rhinehart is a native of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. He attended Lincoln High School and while still in high school was a member of the Milwaukee Urban League. One of the things he did as a member of the League was to coach a girls basketball team that traveled to the surrounding towns in Wisconsin and to Rockford, Illinois (hometown of Lonzo Lewis). During his high school years he also found time to develop his athletic prowess. In 1928 he became an all-city end at Lincoln High, he was the first Black athlete ever to be accorded that honor in Milwaukee. His Lincoln High School team won the city football championships in 1928 and 1929. In track he was the State High School discus champion in 1930.

Upon graduation in 1930, an athletic scholarship was open at Northwestern University. The Big 10 at this time was doing some illegal proselyting (recruitment of athlete) and this became the reason for Mr. Rhinehart's delay in going to college right after high school.

Mr. James Dorsey, a Black lawyer (former UM law student) met Mr. Rhinehart and interested him in coming to this university. Mr. & Mrs. Dorsey were making a visit back to Montana and had set up a scholarship for Mr. Rhinehart with the athletic department. He began his college career in September of 1931 in the field of Health and P. E. At this time the Depression had hit most of the country; Mr. Rhinehart recalls (continued on page 2)

What's happening, Brothers and Sisters? Today in the Korner I am going to talk about the protest in Washington by the Vietnam Veterans. How many of us have been keeping a close tab of it? For those who haven't here's a little about it.

On Saturday, April 24, 1971 approximately a quarter of a million people marched on the "white" House grounds against the Vietnam War. Because of the mutual feeling across the nation against the war, others sympathetic but unable to attend in Washington, D. C., staged protests in their own respective cities.

Even this reporter's parents participated in the protest on city hall steps, in Los Angeles, California.

This war is especially detrimental to the Black masses of America. After all, "Why should a Black man, have to kill a yellow man, and then come home and run from a white man?" This is the question that plagues many Black G. I.'s. White America I ask you, is their question valid?

Until next time Brothers and Sisters.

Right On

For My People

Margaret A. Walker

Let a new earth rise. Let another world be born. Let a bloody peace be written in the sky. Let a second generation full of courage issue forth, let a people loving freedom come to growth, let a beauty full of healing and strength of final clenching be the pulsing in our spirits and our blood. Let the martial songs be written, let the dirges disappear. Let a race of men now rise and take control!

"INFRO"

There are many things happening during Spring Quarter. I'm going to be working on financial aid, it will be near the end of the quarter that many changes shall be projected. Patience! Answers to questions will be then.

RES'

(con't page 1) Mr. Rhinehart that Montana was not hit as hard as some areas. He remembered that a great many people in Missoula had gardens and that they did a lot of canning.

During his athletic career Mr. Rhinehart was subjected to much racism and discrimination while traveling. This did not hamper in the least his ability to win nine varsity letters--three each in football, basketball, and track. He was chosen honorable mention All-Player All-American and still rates an end position on the all time Grizzly Eleven.

I asked him how it was that he became a trainer. It seems that spring quarter of his senior year (1935), there was a change to be made for a football coach and the choice had boiled down to several people, the favored one being Doug Fessenden. When the decision was made to choose Doug Fessenden, he came out during the spring to finalize everything. Fessenden was a coach in a large Chicago high school and was used to having a trainer. He asked Mr. Rhinehart if he was interested in this job. Mr. Rhinehart was trying to scrape up enough money to go back to Milwaukee, but he accepted the offer though he knew absolutely nothing about what a trainer was supposed to do. June, 1935 was graduation and in July Mr. Rhinehart was UM's official trainer. He has worked at his job since then except for 4 or 5 months during World War II when he worked for Boeing Aircraft in Seattle. When he took the job his goal was to become one of the finest trainers in the nation.

Mr. Rhinehart's philosophy of life is to become the best in whatever you do--something that I think has brought him much honor. One of those honors came on March 4, 1956, the Missoula Jaycees and the Chamber of Commerce set up a " Naseby Rhinehart Night. " People came from all over Montana on special trains to honor him. He was presented with a plaque in recognition of 20 years in service and of his " distinguished and unselfish service to young men. " Mr. James Dorsey came back to take part in the celebration as a guest speaker.

Through the years, I think people take the presence of Mr. Rhinehart for granted. They never stop to think that he has mastered his profession and is ranked as one of the top athletic trainers in the country. I think consideration should be given to the tremendous courage and determination it must have taken to live and

(continued on page 3)

THE BLACK'S DUTY IN VIET NAM

Zackie Wright

As I see it, the Black man's duty in Viet Nam is to get out by any means necessary. It has been projected that about 25% of our combat personnel are Black. Blacks are fighting a war created by whites, financed by whites, continued by white consent and allows whites to vent their violence on people of color on the American side as well as on the oriental combatant.

The Black man has fought in every war white America has kindled. During the Revolution of 1776, he was promised freedom in exchange for service. Of the 300,000 men who fought, 15,000 were Black. After the war, whites gave the Black men their independence by placing iron shackles back on every Black man they caught. Countless battles have been fought in the name of America and whiteness, while Blacks have received the bullet in the back without any great social outcry. After World War I, the Black man came home from Europe after defending his supposed liberty. The years from 1916 to 1919 saw the bloodiest, most brutal race riots ever upon this continent. Black workers and former soldiers were treated with similar barbarity during and after World War II. Blacks men and women have slaved and fought for the white man throughout our history and the trend is not tending to slacken.

While our Black men are dying defending America's honor in Viet Nam, our Black brothers are dying defending themselves from America's honor at home. It becomes increasingly clear that our men are fighting the wrong people. Where was our great white protector when three civil rights workers were killed in Mississippi; when four little Black girls were bombed to death at a church in Birmingham; when Medgar Evers, Malcolm X and Martin Luther King were assassinated? Where was our great white sow when his sucklings were killing Blacks in Watts, in Chicago, in Detroit, in Harlem, in Newark, in Alabama and everybody knows about Mississippi. God Damn!!

I now state my major premise again, it's time our Black men in Viet Nam saw some action on these front lines. The time has come when we no longer humbly

(continued on page 5)

What is Pan-Africanism?

Charmaine Thomas

Pan-Africanism means that an awareness that the interest of African peoples, where ever found in the world are essentially similar. Secondly, it means that organization, policies and programs must ultimately point toward and support that awareness. This will mean, obviously, that the specificities of Pan-Africanism will be different in immediate manifestations with each indigenous area, but the over-riding ideology will be constant. African peoples are at varying stages of political and economic development on the African continent and in the diaspora. They are faced with glaringly different immediate circumstances, but the underlying imperatives of African unity and development are common to all.

It is understandingly difficult to perceive the commonality of long term interest, also to perceive a connection between unity and development on the African continent. But the connections are there, nevertheless, and a correct Pan-African ideology will illuminate the relationship in both it's short term and long term dimensions.

Long term goals that envision a viable, united African continent will permit one committed to such goals to evaluate and analyze short term process in his own indigenous setting. Whether a particular, short term strategy of working for Black community control of schools or of law enforcement agencies in the United States is considered "reformist" or not, will be measured by the relationship of these programs to the ideology of Pan-Africanism, not to some other ultimate goals or ideological formulations of legitimacy. In other words, what constitutes socio-political-economic legitimacy depends on one's criteria for what constitutes legitimacy in terms of achieving Pan-African reality.

(continued from page 2)

Mr. Rhinehart

to survive as one of very, very few Blacks Blacks in what must have been a hostile environment and what continues to be 36 years later.

Sisters in the Southern Struggle

Elvie Willis

Take three Black college students, living and going to school on New York City, and exposed to countless "revolutionary" ideologies. What happens when they are suddenly situated in the heart of the deep South, ready to deal.

The following are personal accounts of three young Black sisters, Mtamanika Yetumbe, Zoleka Mtendeka, and Malaika who attend New York University and who participated in The Student Organization for Black Unity's Pan-African summer work project in the south.

The sisters were among forty college students from schools across the country. They were sent to cities from Washington, D. C. to Jackson, Mississippi, where Malaika spent her summer.

Malaika states that, "Mississippi is vast; you can feel its spaciousness about you, especially if you're from a place like New York City. But before reaching Mississippi, I had attended an orientation session in Greensboro, N.C.

The ride from Greensboro to Jackson is fourteen hours by car. We did the trip in two days, stopping in Georgia.

Black people, there are like Black people anywhere. Along the streets you see a brother in his green pants and purple knits, the sisters in their mini's and wigs (some in naturals).

I need not paint you any pictures of the deprivation of our people, you've seen them all before. Some interesting and positive things I observed, however, were that lots of brothers and sisters still depend on mother wit and have retained their knowledge of herbs and roots.

Working in the school, we encountered the expected problems: lack of materials, lack of facilities, lack of, lack of . . . and then three strikes against us which we hadn't anticipated: The brother we were working for didn't like college students, people from New York or people who would only be there for the summer. I guess he believed that New Yorkers think they're slick, and college students are just college students with bourgeois aspirations. And of course anyone who would only be around for a summer couldn't get involved in any long range plans which could possibly have concrete results.

cont'd next page

Sisters in the Southern Struggle con't

We never resolved these things with the brother, we just went on and worked with the children.

Jo and I attempted to teach the sisters Black history, but found (with the exception of four) that they couldn't read. We went to the Black people's library for books, and found that out of the ten we took home, there wasn't one we could use. One book said that slavery wasn't too bad because at least the slaves had food, clothes, and somewhere to live.

This little endeavor made us face some harsh realities, we would not have those children reading in a less-than-two month time span, and what did we really have to offer the folks we had travelled so far to help?

A little girl came to school one day with a big gash in the bottom of her foot, which she had gotten because she had no shoes. We weren't there long enough to set any momentary confront other than a gauze pad, because we had no medical skills.

Folks did what they could. For as long as we stayed in Mississippi, we worked with the sisters. On other projects, folks taught reading, voter education, organized around issues, helped develop curriculum for liberation schools, picked watermelons, etc. But the overall positive outcome of the summer was not so much what students did as what they learned and what they will do.

Another student, Mtumanika Yetumbe's, summer went as following: I had heard that the Student Organization for Black Unity was supporting the Pan-African Work Project scheduled to begin in the middle of June. It offered a chance not only to do some meaningful work but to get away from the insanity of the city. Now that I look back I realize that neither did I nor could I have anticipated how positive an experience the project would be.

After the tough training session in Greensboro, N. C., I was sent, along with two other brothers, to Albany, Georgia. We were told simply that at this project there was a brother "who had a farm with a few watermelons on it that he wanted to market." I really dug the idea because I am a marketing major.

The Southwest Georgia Project is an association of community organizers. The project is only about four years old, but some of the brothers and sisters involved here have been working together since as far back as 1960. Some of them, old SNCC people, were very much a part of the earlier Albany movement. When I say old, I don't mean chronologically but rather in terms of their commitment and strength. In fact they range from 18 to 50, the majority being in their mid to late twenties.

The S.W.G.P. is set up in such a way that it approximates what we call Ujamaa, i.e. if every one works, all benefit. You are given a place to live, money for food, and when available, a \$5.00 a week stipend. If an emergency arises or if you are in need of medical attention, the project will take care of it. If you are a student and have demonstrated a willingness to work, S.W.G.P. will fund your education providing that you agree to return after graduation to work there for a period of two years. Charles Sherrod, the director of the program contends that once you commit yourself to those two years, he has got you for the rest of your life.

We stayed in what was called "Terrible Terrell House." It had been the locus for freedom riders and the people on the project for years and had long since become notorious. It has been bombed, set on fire, shot into and machine gunned.

We became close to a number of high school students who helped us with many of our problems and despite our house's reputation, our neighbors were warm and friendly and had some understanding of what we were trying to accomplish. Regretably, however, some of the people we were working with didn't. A few of the summer students had come down not especially inspired to work for the program but because they had nothing else to do. This made the presense often times more hindrance than a help. Many had not been through the training session that those on the Pan-African Work Project had received, and time had to be redistributed to educate them, as well as the people we were there to assist.

On the whole, the summer was a beautiful experience. It showed me how much work there is to be done and how much truly dedicated people have been involved in it's inception. Some of us pulled and loaded watermelons, (continued on the next page)

some helped the elderly fill out their welfare applications, others baby-sat for people registering to vote, and most of us learned a great deal about ourselves and Black people in general. I met people I would like to remain friends with for the rest of my life.

The last of the three sisters is Zoleka Mtendeka her comments are as following: Working in the Pan African Project this summer gave me the much needed opportunity to do some concrete work for our people and also to find out a lot about myself.

First of all, the decision to leave New York and go south was a tough one to make. Bombarding my mind were many questions.

After I had thought of every possible angle and had rationalized about as much as I could, the basic question stared me in the face. Was I really ready to sacrifice- even for as little as three months time, energy, comfort, money and myself for other people?

After going through the anticipated hassle of explaining to my parents the importance of this move, I took off.

My experience in Greensboro was different from that of other participants who were sent in groups of three to five to places which had on-going, organized programs. I remained in Greensboro where I was the project.

I arrived in Greensboro and took part in the training which was a hellified experience. Upon its completion, I felt equipped with enough of a rough, ideological framework from which to operate and a reasonable level of confidence. I then remained in Greensboro where I would be working for the summer. At first it was very hard and at times I was ready to pack up and leave. During these initial days, I stayed in the chairman of SOBU's house by myself and would go down to the office and hang around just to keep from being alone. At the end of the first week, I was assigned to work with the Greensboro Association of Poor People and was provided a permanent place in which to stay, about ten miles from where I would be working.

Meetings were held in the church every morning at 6:30 a.m. to plan strategy for the day. The brothers out of work and not being able to provide for their families, but their spirit in working together towards a solution beneficial to the group was very strong. At times GAAP pushed the idea of group decision that we as Black people sticking together and providing as a group would get things done.

There were some times I did things I never thought I could do, like the second Sunday I was in Greensboro when I was given an assignment to collect money in church for the workers.

Another big-project I worked on was an African Bazaar. This project included everybody in the community. Elderly ladies baked cakes to sell.

These young ladies show the real kind of concern that people down south have for each other. We all talk about undying love for our people, but how many of us really care????

The Black's Duty In Viet Nam continued

WATANI STAFF

ask the almighty pharoah to let my people go. We demand that you let yourselves go about making some serious changes or your racist institutions will have a new inside enemy to face.

Oh Freedom, oh Freedom, oh Freedom I love thee, And before I be a slave, I'll be buried in my grave and go home to my Lord and be Free. And go home to my Lord and be Free! FREE! FREE! FREE!

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THE INSURGENT

Erma Feggins

Give me my freedom lest I die
For pride runs through my veins not blood
and principles
support me so that
I
with lifted head see
Liberty not sky!
For I am he who
dares say
I shall be Free, or dead-
today...

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KAPPA CHAPTER OF THETA SIGMA PHI HAS MATRIX TABLE

by Kathy hompkins

Sunday, April 25, 1971, I attended the Matrix table Dinner. It was sponsored by the Kappa Chapter of Theta Sigma Phi, women's journalism honorary. Attending this dinner was an honor for me, for I was representing Black women here on this campus. The experience was one of education, more on the lines of watching and listening. I watched how the older women and my fellow students conducted themselves. That is when I was convinced even more that we as Black people have much more going for ourselves in our total way of life. I listened how people related to each other. You would think they were from another country. Their whole conversation stemmed around the fabulous happenings to other individuals. Life has been and always will be a struggle for Black people, but I thank God I have made it this far. Encounters such as the Matrix Dinner shows that the man is phony to his own people, but when it

A POEM FOR BLACK HEARTS

LeRoi Jones

For Malcolm's eyes, when they broke the face of some dumb white man. For Malcolm's hands raised to bless us all black and strong in his image of ourselves, for Malcolm's words fire darts, the victor's tireless thrusts, words hung above the world change as it may, he said it, and for this he was killed, for saying, and feeling, and being/change, all collected hot in his heart, For Malcolm's heart, raising us above our filthy cities for his stride, and his beat, and his address to the grey monsyers of the world, For Malcolm's pleas for your dignity, black men, for your life, black men, for the filling of your minds with righteousness, For all of him dead and gone and vanished from us, and all of him which clings to our speech black god of our time.
For all of him, and all of yourself, look up, black man, quit **stuttering** and shuffling, look up, black man, quit whining and stooping, for all of him, For Great Malcolm a prince of the earth, let nothing in us rest until we avenge ourselves for his death, stupid animals that killed him, let us never breathe a pure breath if we fail, and white men call us faggots till the end of the earth.

comes to people to color he claims he's for real.

Personally, other Black students here on this campus should participate in programs of this nature. They really can help you educate yourself more to the people on this campus. A positive action came out of me participating in this program. I have been invited to join the Phi Chi Theta, a Business Honorary for Women. This organization is really a Fraternity, but it consists of only women. The requirements are the same as the University. I sincerely hope that the Black students pursue into matters of this nature more. Representation in organizations on this campus is the key to understanding the man better. By this I mean, when you take your knowledge back to the community you will have a more rounded education.